

## Cold War Everyday

Birds in Row

I wanna dance til the dawn of a new day, just like a rat  
on the cradle of a new city. And get the appetite of a  
bulimic bear facing the promise of a close famine. Broken  
wooden horses for ride and a million of chances to take.  
My tangible fears sleeping on my knees til this journey  
does end. Too tired of making war. Too realistic for  
peace. A "never again, never again!" to the beasts  
leading me to my defeat. Some of you would say I'm a  
coward, sneaking away from down-to-earth matters. Run  
coward run. Don't tell me what to do. Run faster run. If  
only I could break down the system